Holt County Sentinel,

Oregon, Missouri.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 15, 1867.

HOUSE AND FARM.

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPERS, FARMERS, HORTICULTURISTS, AND STOCK BREEDERS, ARE PARTICULARLY REQUESTED TO CONTRIBUTE ARTICLES FOR THIS DEPARTMENT.

VARIETIES OF CORN.

S. J. Parker, M. D., Ithica, N. Y.: It is said that yellow corn sent as donations to the suffering poor of the South was fed to the pigs, and scorned by the self-wise Southerners. This is but another of the silly ideas that are so improperly cherished there. The Northern yellow corn is as digestible as the Southern white varieties. I have eaten both in their best localities, North and South. There is grown a coarse, oily yellow corn for cattle at the South that is quite indigestible. But it is false that the common early yellow sorts at the North are in the least inferior for table use to the best Southern white. The white variety is better to the eye—that is all. The Narraganset is a dwarf variety, with green leaves and stalks or cane; very early; the ear quite large for the stalk; just the right size to boil and eat; very sweet and choice. The Olcott is later than the above, red leaves, stalks, and husks; it is also a dwarf variety. When fully grown, is large in the kernel, fine sized ear, quite sweet, but not so much so as the Narraganset. The Onondaga—this the common variety here in Central New York, has various names, but it is said to have been in the early possession of the Onondaga Indians, this is the real name. It is tall in stalk as the common yellow corn, large in leaf, stalk and leaf bright green, ear a little longer than the varieties just named, very sweet, tender, and desirable, when pure, but is now much mixed with other kinds. These three kinds are all the sorts worth attention that I know of. The Stowell's evergreen, and a host of others, only corrupt these kinds when grown near them; are not to be compared with them in excellence, and the distribution of them has done harm, not good.

The Reporter adds that this last remark is too sweeping. The Stowell's evergreen is a most valuable variety in the West and South. One should be on his guard in concluding that what is suited to one climate is suited all others. The corn raised in New England is of no value for planting in warmer climates and on corn soils.—[Extracts from report of American Institute Farmers' Club.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.—My method to keep sweet potatoes is to air dry sand by spreading it on boards or a board walk; dig the potatoes in the morning and pick them in the afternoon, before the deu falls, throwing out all the bruised ones. I packed them in flour barrels—first a coat of sand, then a layer of potatoes, so that the sand would fill all interstices. If the sand is too dry, as when dried in a kiln, it will shrivel the potatoes. I had a room on the south side of the dining room that I kept the potatoes in after packing them in the barrels. The heat from the coal stove in the dining room was all that was given them, and I did not lose two dozen tubers out of eight barrels; I have found them as sound in the sand as when dug in the fall. The outside dampness should be well dried off of the potatoes. I felt myself amply paid by the treat they gave through the winter. Cold fall rains, on cold, damp sand make the potatoes lose their sweetness.—[New Jersey Cor. Country Gentleman.

MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY.—Domestic fowls running at large do much better than they will if restrected to narrow limits in the coop or yard. Their health is improved, their flesh is better and finer and better tasted, and they will produce more eggs at large than in confined situations. The turkey, in particular, is a strenuous advocate of the largest liberty. Hens in a garden are a pest and a nuisance, but there is no necessity of being troubled with them. A common picket fence, six feet high, will effectually exclude them, it being well known that fowls rarely attempt flying over such a fence; and, when made plain, such a fence costs, perhaps, as little as almost any other.

IT is stated that molasses is a certain cure for the gapes in chickens and young turkeys; and mixed in their food is the most fattening substance that can be given them.

Another writer says: "Keep iron standing in vinegar, and put a little of the liquid in the food every few days Chickens so fed are secure from gapes."

LET no sleep, says Pythagoras, fall upon thy eyes, till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Begin with the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.—[Rambler.

MASONIC.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT FROM THE BROTHERHOOD WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

THE WREATH OF MALLOW.

An English Masonic Story.

[CONTINUED.]

The mason turned the finial over and then, muttering an occasional "hum, hum!" of admiration and pleasure said:

"How did you get the fancy of it, boy?"

"One day when you carried me to the foot of the church bank, and I waited there all the morning, I played with some little ferns, and thought how pretty they would be in stone, and resolved to try if I could not make them."

"Good strokes; fair strokes; hum, hum!" murmured the mason.

Very timidly, Martin edged himself along the settle to his father's elbow, and looking in his face with wishful eagerness, said—

"There is a thing I have so longed to ask of you, father."

"What is it, boy?" asked the mason, still holding the bit of stone in one hand, while he laid the other round his son's neck.

"I long to do some work, if ever so little, in the church. I think I should so dearly like a piece of my own handiwork, that is, a piece of myself, to be always in the dear church long after I am gone where I cannot see it."

The woman looked puzzled.

"But building up is hard to do, child. One must run up ladders, and carry mortar, and go from place to place."

"Yes, father, in building but not in carving. O, if you would but show these little ferns to the master, and ask him whether a poor little boy, who longs to do it very much, might carve a wreath in the church! This is what I have thought, father. The heads of the pillars are all rough and plain. Might I not cut a wreath of flowers on one of them? Then I should think that a little bit of me would be there always when the good fathers are preaching about Christ; and it would be a tiny offering, also, and something to show that there was such a boy as Martin once in Awburg village, who did all he could for God."

"Well, lad, it might be, in time," replied the mason. "But you are too weak, now; you could not stand to work. Wait a while till you are stronger, then I will ask."

Martin fixed two grave eyes on his father.

"Father, dear," he said, "I don't think I shall ever be stronger. I don't think I shall ever see the fine pictures in the church. But O! I do so long to do some little, little work for God before I die. I have heard such beautiful things of heaven and of the Lord Jesus, that I cannot rest nor sleep for longing to leave behind me some sign of my thankfulness."

"Tush, tush, boy!" stammered the mason; but his eyes were red, and the mother wiped hers with her apron.

On the next day the mason spoke to the master-builder of the wish of his little son, and at sunset, when work was over, the master came to see Martin. He was dressed in better clothes than the rest, and looked to the boy almost as grand and great a gentleman as Sir Simon himself. He was very kind, and praised Martin's fern leaves highly. He promised to grant him leave, if possible, to do some work in the church, but he must first speak to Sir Simon de Harcourt on the subject. At parting he put his finger under the lad's chin, and, turning the pale thin face to him, looked at it with pity.

"You must make haste to get strong," he said, "and then you can come and join my band, and be a *free mason*, going about from place to place to build churches and halls."

Martin's eye glistened at the thought, but he shook his head and answered—

"I thank you, sir, but that will never be."

Two days later, the master came again, to tell the boy that his wish might be granted if he could design a wreath fit to adorn the church. The Lady Mildred came also, on her palfrey, with her blue steeple towering above her head, and the lawn veil floating round her sweet young face. She alighted at the cottage door, and come with a gentle grace towards the hard settle where the boy lay, first courteously greeting his mother. Martin blushed with pride and pleasure to see the lady of the place come walking up to him in that kind, queenly way. She laid her hand on his curls and sat down beside him on the settle.

"So you, too, wish to make an offering to the Lord," she said, smiling, as sweetly, thought Martin, as angels must smile. He murmered something, he hardly knew what.

"May He bless and accept your work," she continued reverently. "It is a good thought which He has given you."

"But his father cannot see how he may reach the top of the pillar, which is ten feet high, nor how he may stand there to carve the wreath, when mounted, my lady," said the mother.

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